

about 8 P.M. The President and
fact, arrived about 8:30 P.M.
You had take a seat with
his back immediately opposite the
entrance door of the box, and
facing the stage; could not see
the President after he was seated
but owing to division on the
front of the box extending
from the lower rail of the
top, people could see his left
profile from the opposite
side of the box circle from
his left. Occupied a seat in
an orchestra chair in Section
C, No. 175, about three rows back
from the orchestra railing
and somewhat to the left of
the center of the stage,
about 100 ft. from the Lincoln

in one corner of the box and
another lady (whom I
subsequently learned was
Miss Clara Harris) in the
opposite corner nearest the
stage; from the relative position
again I saw them, that himself
he must have been sitting
between the two ladies, and
just behind the division of
the box, which intercepted the
view of his face from my seat.
At about 10:30 P.M. my
attention was directed toward
the President's box by the report
of a pistol and I saw a
man drop from the state
box, shooting as he did so
his sword, as he fell, as
he struck the stage he passed

Two Pages of Dr. Taft's Diary.

Abraham Lincoln.

That these shall not have died in vain, he prayed,
Who gave their lives that Liberty and Law
Should be the nation's heritage. He saw
With deep, prophetic eyes, yet undismayed,
The work remaining, though "these dead" had made
Their lives a freewill offering without flaw.
From his great utterance men turned with awe
Blended with mightier longing, unafraid,
For nobler service, whatsoever its need.
Its need, we know, for many thousands still
Was death on battlefield, or prison pen.
For him, the great, sad leader, was decreed
A martyr's death, that so he should fulfill
His work as leader, as a man of men.

SUSAN E. DICKINSON.

Saw the Assassination of President Lincoln

Diary of Dr. Charles S. Taft, Recently Discovered in
New York, Is a Remarkable Souvenir of the
Great Tragedy of April 14, 1865.

A remarkable souvenir of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln recently came to light in New York. It is the diary of Dr. Charles S. Taft, who formerly resided at No. 273 West Twenty-second street. In his time Dr. Taft was an eminent physician and attended many notables, among them Governor O. P. Morton of Indiana. But no experience in his life equaled the one he records in his notebook.

He was present at Ford's Theatre that fatal night and witnessed all of the tragedy which ended in the death of Lincoln. He was one of the first physicians to reach the wounded president's side, was present at his death, and helped to perform the autopsy. Dr. Taft's personal account of these occurrences is embodied in his notes, which evidently were never intended for publication.

The diary was found in a pile of miscellaneous scraps in the hall room of the Salvation Army Industrial Home, at No. 528 West Thirtieth street.

The army home has fifteen wagons, each having its own territory. These make daily trips throughout the city collecting waste material of all kinds which householders are glad to get rid of. The wagons discharge their loads every evening at the warehouses of the Industrial Home.

The standard biographies of Lincoln and the newspapers of 1865 make brief mention of Dr. Taft as being present at the president's death and the autopsy. There can be no doubt of the genuineness of the notes. The house on Twenty-second street formerly occupied by Dr. Taft, is now a boarding house, and the doctor's name is unknown to the present occupants. Some of the older residents in the neighborhood, however, remember him, but indistinctly.

Dr. Taft begins his memoranda of the great tragedy in these words:

"Notes of the circumstances attending the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, on the evening of April 14, 1865, as witnessed by me; also the medical notes of my attendance on the president up to the time of his death and of the post-mortem examination five hours after death.

"The notes were written April 15, 1865, at the earliest possible moment after my attendance upon the president and the post-mortem examination."

"Attended Ford's Theatre," he writes, "Friday evening, April 14, with my wife, arrived at the theatre about eight p. m. The president and party arrived about 8:30 p. m. Saw him take a seat with his back immediately opposite the entrance door of the box, and facing the stage; could not see the president after he was seated, owing to a division in the front of the box extending from the lower rail to the top; people could see his left profile from the opposite side of the dress circle from his box. I occupied a seat in an orchestra chair in section C, No. 175, about three rows back from the orchestra railing, and somewhat to the left of the center of

that I was a surgeon, when I was seized by several men and lifted up to the state box. When I entered the president was lying upon the floor surrounded by a number of men, who were about lifting him to remove him. Some were advising his removal home; this measure I opposed, stating that I was an army surgeon and wished him to be removed to the nearest house.

"As we passed down the stairs I inquired if there was any other surgeon present, and a gentleman who was near me, supporting the head, stated that he was a surgeon; when we reached the street some persons on the porch of a house opposite called to us to come over there. We carried the president over and proceeded with him to a room at the end of the passage, where he was laid upon a bed.

"I called for brandy and after a few minutes had elapsed a quantity of brandy was brought, which I diluted and gave the president a teaspoonful of. He swallowed it, but with much difficulty. I afterward gave another teaspoonful, which caused so much strangulation that I gave no more, except after the arrival of Dr. Stone, when, at his suggestion, I put half a teaspoonful between his lips, but it was not swallowed, and nothing more was ever put between his lips.

"I remained with the president until he died, engaged during a greater part of the night in supporting his head so that the wound should not press upon the pillow and the flow of blood be obstructed."

Charles S. Taft me

"Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A." the stage. I could see Mrs. Lincoln in one corner of the box and another lady, whom I subsequently learned was Miss Clara Harris, in the opposite corner nearest the stage. From the relative position when I saw him seated himself, he must have been sitting between the two ladies and just behind the division of the box, which intercepted the view of his face from my seat.

"At about 10:30 p. m. my attention was directed toward the president's box by the report of a pistol, and I saw a man drop from the state box, shooting as he did so, 'Sic semper tyranni!' As he struck the stage he partly fell, sinking down until his knees nearly touched the floor; he sprang to an erect posture in an instant, brandished a large knife which he held in his right hand for about the space of three seconds, then darted across the stage with the knife held above his head and disappeared. A few moments of great confusion then followed, many persons jumping upon the stage and some passing out in the direction the man who had leaped from the state box had taken.

"I was endeavoring to pacify my wife, who wished to leave the place, when I heard several shouts for a surgeon; this was the first intimation I had that any one had been wounded. I sprang upon the stage calling out



After Sketches from Harper's Weekly—March, 1883.

Heard Lincoln's First Inaugural Address.

Newspaper Correspondent Recalls Momentous Event
Which Ushered in a New Historic Era in America—A Memorable Message.

Lincoln spent the early morning hours in his room at Willard's, and I remember that among his callers were David Davis, Thurlow Weed, Leonard Swett, Ward Lamont, with many others not now clear in memory.

The procession began to move about 11 o'clock, but it was an hour and a half before Buchanan appeared, having been delayed at the capitol in signing bills, some of which, it is said, not his signature after his term of office had actually expired.

When all was ready Senators Baker and Pierce took seats in the carriage fronting the two presidents. Buchanan looking old, gray and haggard; Lincoln dark and firm, and wearing a mournful and anxious expression of countenance. Thus accompanied they set forth on their historic ride to the capitol. Around the carriage were mounted guards and a flying squadron of newspaper correspondents, the latter keeping as near to it as possible, one of the artist of an illustrated paper making a sketch of the scene as he went along. There was a dense cloud of dust along the avenue.

Then a great cheer arose and ran like a wave along the avenue, carrying testimony which was likewise flying over the wires in every direction that the inauguration had been successfully accomplished, and that in spite of all perils, visionary and real, Abraham Lincoln was president of the United States, and a new historic era had been ushered in.

I stood within a few yards of President Lincoln when he delivered his first inaugural address from the east portico of the capitol in Washington, writes a veteran newspaper man. I was a newspaper correspondent and had come with him from his home in Springfield to recount for my paper the incidents of his journey. Washington looked on the day as a momentous one, and was not free from a sense of peril. No previous inauguration day had been so ushered in.

The senate sat all the night previous, not adjourning till after daylight, Crittenden, Douglas, Trumbull, Wigfall and Wade thundering against each other in their final debate, which, after all, was not loud enough to keep all their colleagues awake, as many of them lay stretched out on the senatorial sofas, snoring a drowsy accompaniment. The town was astir by sunrise, with crowds gathering at all points from the White House to the capitol.

riding the blustering March winds, and it sometimes seemed to hide the entire procession from view.

Lincoln and the Bible.

Mr. Lincoln, as I saw him every morning in the carpet slippers he wore in the house and the black clothes no tailor could make really fit his gaunt bony frame, was a homely enough figure. The routine of his life was simple, too; it would have seemed a treadmill to most of us. He was an early riser; when I came on duty, at eight in the morning, he was often already dressed and reading in the library. And the book? We have all heard of the president's fondness for Shakespeare, how he infatigably while they were waiting for returns from Gettysburg; we know, too, how he kept cabinet meetings waiting while he read them the latest of Petroleum V. Nasby's witticisms. It was the Bible which I saw him reading while most of the household still slept—William H. Crook, in Harper's Magazine.

Punch's Tribute to Lincoln.

Punch's fine tribute to Abraham Lincoln ("You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!") whose authorship Spielmann in his "History of Punch" ascribed to Shirley Brooks, is now restored to Tom Taylor.

It was a little after one o'clock when the outgoing and incoming presidents, arm in arm, entered the capitol, proceeding immediately to the president's room, whence they emerged in a few minutes preceded by the marshal of the district, judges of the supreme court, and sergeant-at-arms, and followed by the senators, diplomatic corps, heads of departments, governors of states and others, and made their way to a small wooden pavilion, under which Mr. Lincoln stood while he delivered his memorable message. Chief Justice Taney, old, shriveled to the bone, with a face like parchment, muffled in his silken robes, sat in front of the array of judges. Close by stood Douglas, so near in fact that Mr. Lincoln, finding no place on or under the small reading table provided for him on which to deposit his hat, handed it over to his mighty rival, who held it carefully till the address was finished.

Mr. Lincoln's voice was clear and penetrating, and was distinctly heard far and near among the assembled multitudes, which preserved unbroken silence from the beginning to the end.



We mark the lowly place where he was born,
We try to dream the dreams that starred his nights
When the rude path that ran beside the corn
Grew to a fair broad way which found the heights;
We try to sense the lonely days he knew,
The silences that wrapped about his soul
When there came whispers tremulous and true
Which urged him up and onward to his goal.
His was the dream-filled world of kindly trees;
And marvel-reaches of the prairie lands;
The brotherhood of fields, and birds, and bees,
Which magnifies the soul that understands;
His was the school of unrelenting toil
Whose lessons leave an impress strong and deep;
His were the thoughts of one close to the soil,
The knowledge of the ones who so and reap.

And of all this, and from all this, he rose
Full panoplied, when came his country's call,
Strong-hearted and strong-framed to bear the woes
Which fell on him the bitterest of all
And well he wrought, and wisely well he knew
The strain and stress that should be his alone;
He did the task long set for him to do—
This man who came unfavored and unknown.

We look to-day, not through Grief's mist of tears,
Not through glamour of nearness to the great,
But down the long, long corridor of years
Where stand the sentinels of Fame and Fate.
And now we see him, whom men called uncouth,
Grown wondrous fair beneath the hand of Time,
And know the love of liberty and truth
Brings immortality, and makes sublime.

But O, this rugged face with kindly eyes
Wherein a haunting sorrow ever stays!
Somehow it seems that through the sorrow rise
The schooled visions of his other days,
That still we may in subtle fancy trace
The light that led him with prophetic gleams—
That here we gaze upon the pictured face
Of one who was a boy that lived his dreams!

W. D. N.

WRITTEN BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Springfield, Feb. 5, 1832

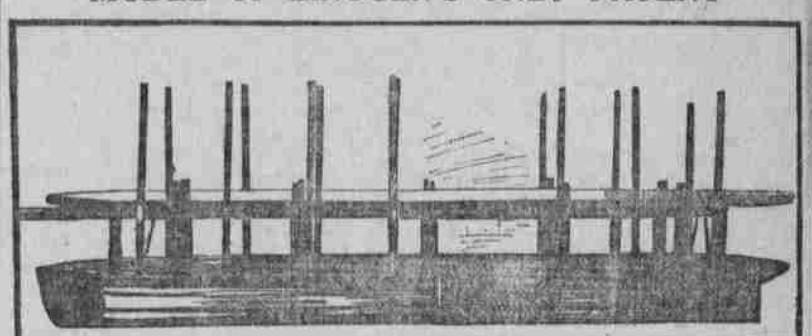
Friend J. Turner
Dear Sir:

I have been examining your little and
studying the case some time. There is some con-
fusion in the description of the house as given in the
bulletin, which I suppose comes by mistake. It would
be to correct it, before filing the bill, please send me
an exact, accurate description of all the trees.
I do not think any objection will be necessary
pending the suit; and consequently, no bond is now
necessary except the ordinary bond for cost, a bond
for which I have with some good. Have the bond
filled and executed by some one for whose responsibility
you can stand, and send it back to me.
Now our men actually are possessors of the house
at the time it was conveyed by Henry S. Brown.
Shall we? Are we obliged to put Abraham Lincoln in
suit? Can we not place our case without?
Please answer these questions when you write me.
Yours as usual
Abraham Lincoln

An autograph letter of Abraham Lincoln, written more than half a century ago to his life-long friend, Thomas J. Turner, of Freeport, Ill., afterward a colonel in an Illinois regiment, is here reproduced as an object of national interest.

The value of this letter to the families to whom it has descended—like an apostolic succession—may be estimated from the fact that it has passed from deathbed to deathbed as a sacred charge in the Turner generations, the

MODEL OF LINCOLN'S ONLY PATENT



One of the most valuable of the government's unique collection of patent models, the finest in the world, is No. 6,469, granted May 23, 1849 to Abraham Lincoln for method of lifting vessels over shoals. The device consists of the application to a river steamer, of two or more collapsible floats made

As Wallace Saw Lincoln.

Famous Author Wrote Entertainingly of First Meeting.

The charm of Lew Wallace's Autobiography consists not only in the fact that the author was a famous general and famous novelist, but that so many of his recollections are reminiscent of the great.

One of the most fascinating descriptions is that of his first sight of Abraham Lincoln. It was in 1850, at a tavern in Danville, Ill.

Wallace writes as follows: "There was one of the contestants who arrested my attention early, partly by his stories partly by his appearance. Out of the mist of years he comes to me now exactly as he appeared then.

"His hair was thick, coarse and defiant; it stood out in every direction. His features were massive, nose long, eyebrows protrusive, mouth large, cheeks hollow, eyes gray and always responsive to the humor. He smiled all the time, but never once did he laugh outright. His hands were large, his arms slender and disproportionately long. His legs were a wonder, particularly when he was in narration; he kept crossing and uncrossing them, sometimes it actually seemed he was trying to tie them into a bow-knot.

"Altogether, I thought him the gauntest, quaintest and most positively ugly man who had ever attracted me enough to call for study. Still, when he was in speech, my eyes did not quit his face. He held me in unconsciousness.

"About midnight his competitors were disposed to give in; either their stories were exhausted, or they were tacitly conceding him the crown. From answering them story for story, he gave two or three to their one. At last he took the floor and held it. And, looking back, I am now convinced that he frequently invented his replications; which is saying he possessed a marvelous gift of improvisation.

"Such was Abraham Lincoln. And to be perfectly candid, had one stood at my elbow that night in the old tavern and whispered: 'Look at him closely. He will one day be president and the savior of his country,' I had laughed at the idea but a little less heartily than I laughed at the man.

"Afterward I came to know him better, and then I did not laugh."

Lincoln Then and Now.
Tall, swart, ungainly, gaunt, he stood before us,
Chafed by the mob for his unrighteousness.
Now like a very god he towers o'er us,
Beloved for his tender knightliness.

A laughing-stock his figure when we knew him,
A shrine for all that's best in us since then,
Revering even the blessed soil that grew him—
A model he for all his fellow men.
—Baltimore American.

Famous Illinois Tavern.

Where Lincoln, When a Circuit Riding Lawyer, Swapped Stories.

With the demolition of the old Kelley tavern, torn down to make room for a barn, there passed one of the famous old hostilities of Illinois. Built in 1839, the old tavern became the stopping place of all west bound travelers, it being the only hotel between Danville and Urbana on the state road.

For years it enjoyed great popularity, especially during its ownership by Joseph Kelley, who operated it from 1840 until 1864. During the '50s it was the regular stopping place of the old time circuit riding lawyers, among whom were Abraham Lincoln and Judge David Davis. Both Lincoln and Davis were warm friends of Kelley, whose ready wit and great fund of stories made him a favorite with both men. Kelley was a great story teller, and during the months intervening between the April and September terms of court he searched assiduously for "new stories to tell Abe."

Often Lincoln's coming, being heralded about the surrounding country drew scores of farmers to the hotel and not infrequently residents of Urbana drove down to enjoy the contest between the two great story tellers. However well equipped with new material was Mr. Kelley he always found himself vanquished by Mr. Lincoln whose fund of anecdotes seemed inexhaustible. Old residents say that the two champions frequently told stories almost all night, Lincoln sitting in an immense armchair, with wide rockers and a buffalo robe cushion, known to the household as "Abe's chair." The old chair is still in the possession of the Kelley family, one of its most cherished heirlooms.

The old tavern played an important part in the social life of the community. Here during the winter months assembled all the young people for miles around to dance and enjoy themselves. In the yard were held the turkey shoots on Thanksgiving and Christmas, when the pioneers assembled to prove their wonderful skill with their old muzzle loading firearms. Whisky on these occasions flowed freely, and some famous fights have occurred about the old building but for the most part the early settle was good natured, even in his cups and no serious damage was done in these encounters.

With the coming of the railroad, and the passing of the stage coach the old tavern suffered a lamentable falling off in business, and after a precarious existence it was closed and the building became the home of a tenant farmer. Later it was used for the storage of grain and farm implements. Falling into decay, it has a last been torn down, after an existence of 75 years, many of its timbers going into the new barn.